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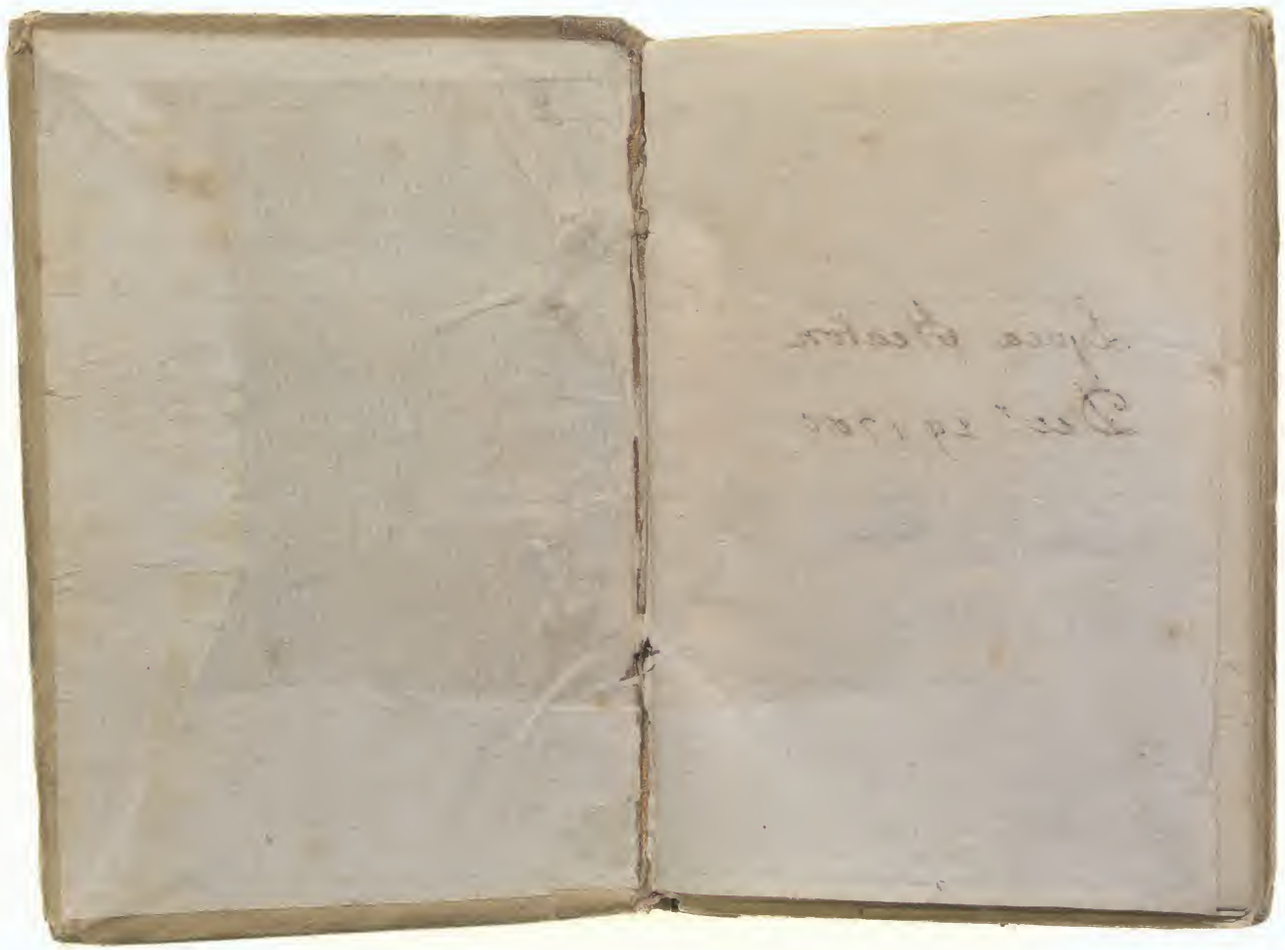
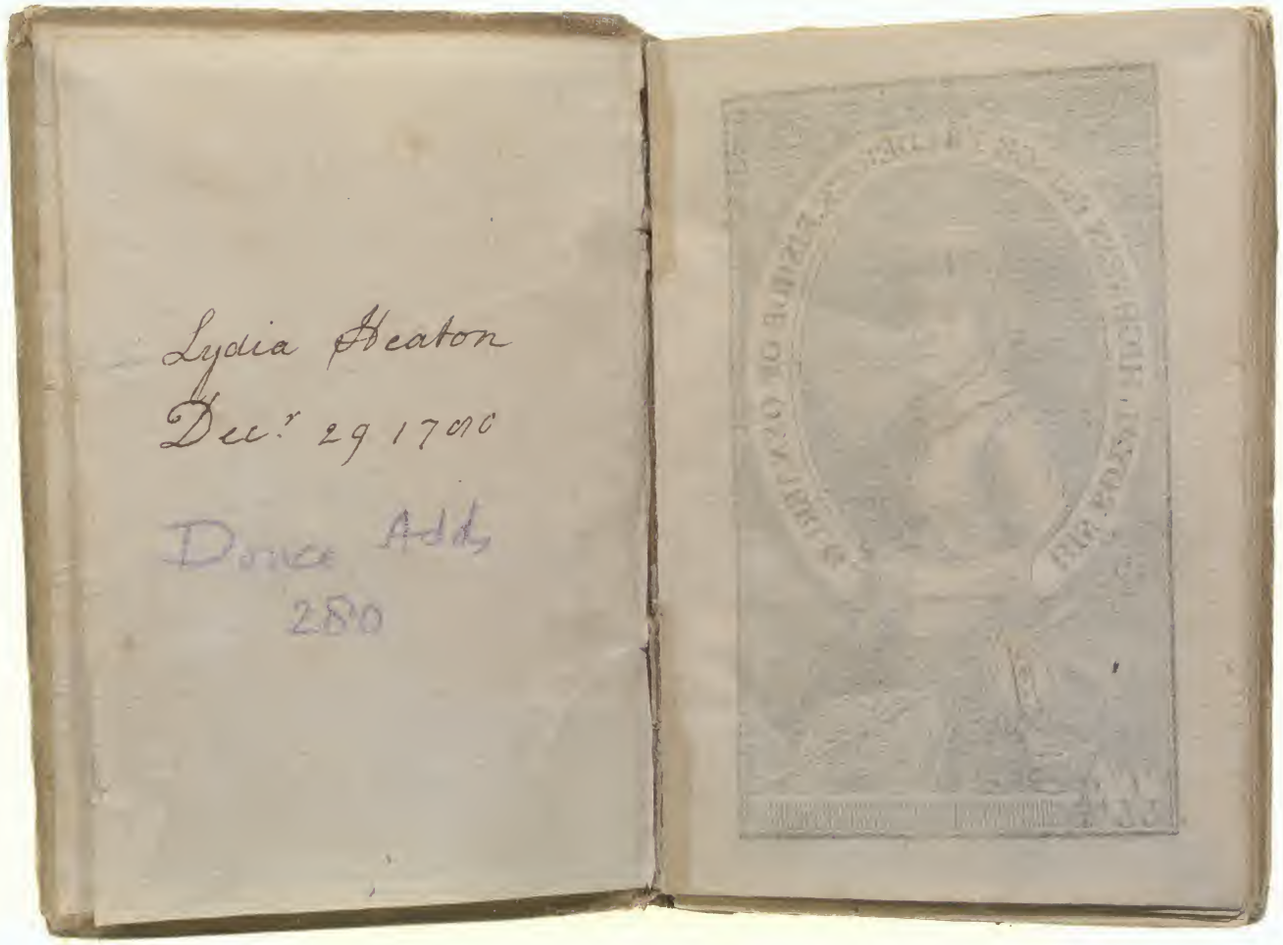
FOR
CHILDREN.





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AMUSEMENT

OF

CHILDREN.

By CHRISTOPHER SMART, M. A.

THIRD EDITION.

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TO
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
PRINCE FREDERICK,
BISHOP OF OSNABRUG,

THESE

H Y M N S,

COMPOSED FOR HIS AMUSEMENT,

ARE,

With all due Submiſſion and Reſpect,

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO HIM,

AS THE BEST OF BISHOPS,

BY

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS's

Moſt Obedient and

Devoted Servant,

Chriſtopher Smart.

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HYMN

HYMN I.

FAITH.

I.

THE Father of the Faithful said,
At God's first calling, "Here am I;"
Let us by his example sway'd,
Like him submit, like him reply,

II.

" Go take thy ſon, thine only ſon,
" And offer him to God thy King."
The word was giv'n: the work begun,
" The altar pile, the victim bring."

III.

But lo! th' angelic voice above
Bade the great Patriarch ſtop his hands;
" Know God is everlaſting love,
" And muſt revoke ſuch harſh commands."

IV.

Then let us imitate the Seer,
And tender with compliant grace
Ourſelves, our ſouls, and children here,
Hereafter in a better place.

HYMN

HYMN II.

HOPE.

I.

AH! Hannah, why ſhould'ſt thou deſpair,
Quick to the Tabernacle ſpeed;
There on thy knees prefer thy pray'r,
And there thy cauſe to mercy plead.

II.

Her pious breathings now aſcend,
As from her heart the ſighs ſhe heaves;
And angels to her ſuit attend,
Till ſtrong in hope ſhe now conceives.

III.

Then Samuel ſoon was brought to light
To ſerve the Lord, as yet a child—
O what a heart-reviving ſight!
Sure Cherubims and Seraphs ſmil'd.

IV.

Thus yet a child may I begin
To ſerve the Lord with all my heart;
To ſhun the wily lures of ſin,
And claim the prize, or e'er I ſtart.

HYMN III.

CHARITY.

I.

O Queen of virtues, whoſe ſweet pow'r
Does o'er the firſt perfections tow'r,
Suſtaining in the arms of love,
All want below, all weal above.

II.

With thee, O let my thoughts conceive,
For all the very beſt believe;
Predict, pronounce for all the beſt,
And be by bearing all things bleſt.

III.

To ſuffer long, and ſtill be kind
In holy temperance of mind,
Rejoice that truth is on my ſide,
As free from envy as from pride.

IV.

Both tongues and prophecies ſhall ceaſe,
And painful knowledge cede to peace;
And time and death o'er all prevail,
But Charity ſhall never fail.

V.

Then guide, O Chriſt, this little hand,
To deal thy bounties round the land;
To clothe and feed the hungry poor,
And to the ſtranger ope my door.

VI.

My cup of water, Chriſt, is free,
For all that love and thirſt for thee;
With wiſdom many a ſoul to win,
And looſe the irkſome bonds of ſin.

VII.

Make me, O Chriſt, tho' yet a child,
To virtue zealous, errors mild,
Profeſs the feelings of a man,
And be the Lord's Samaritan.

HYMN IV.

PRUDENCE.

I.

O Beſt oeconomiſt of life,
Tho' all the paſſions were at ſtrife;
Yet thou, fair Prudence, could'ſt aſſuage
The ſtorm, and moderate its rage.

With

II.

With Dove and Serpent at thy call,
As caution'd by the Lord of all,
Thou art in Chriſt full well aware,
Of open force or ſecret ſnare.

III.

To check thy thoughts divinely meek,
To weigh thy words before you ſpeak,
To make the day's demand ſecure,
To be the treas'rer of the poor.

IV.

All theſe, Prudentia, theſe are thine;
And God thro' Chriſt ſhall make them mine:
To do my beſt till life ſhall end,
Then on futurity depend.

HYMN

HYMN V.

JUSTICE.

I.

O Let not fraud 'gainſt me prevail,
My God, my Chriſt avow'd;
Which weigh'ſt the mountains in thy ſcale,
And ballanceſt the cloud.

II.

And ſtill peculiar on my ſide,
Keep me from rigour free;
Make me forgive, in manly pride,
All that exact on me.

III.

Pay my demander more than due,
With meaſure heap'd and preſs'd;
And rather welcome than purſue,
My brother when diſtreſs'd.

IV.

O give me ſenſe and grace to know
Thy will, and check my own;
In heav'n above, in earth below,
The Lord is judge alone.

HYMN VI.

MERCY.

I.

O Sweet — attentive to the pray'r,
Ye forward hope and ſtave deſpair;
Thro' Chriſt his blood divinely ſpill'd,
Tremendous ruin to rebuild.

Tho'

II.

Tho' high above the great and juſt,
Yet thou deſcendeſt to the duſt;
Both to the ſovereign and the ſlave,
Nor quit'ſt the monument and grave.

III.

O let me like the righteous die;
And ſo I ſhall if thou art by!
The viol in thy hand uprears,
My Saviour's blood, my Saviour's tears.

IV.

Come, Cherub, come, poſſeſs my ſoul,
All wrath and bitterneſs controul:
If thou thy charming pow'rs beſtow,
I'll ſhew thee to my verieſt foe.

HYMN VII.

TEMPERANCE.

I.

FOR forty days the Lord abſtain'd,
(The ſubtle tempter near)
And greatly every bait diſdain'd,
Self-aw'd and ſelf-ſevere.

This

II.

This is the pattern that I ſet,
To keep the fleſh in awe:
I will not groſs deſires abet;
Withdraw, foul fiend, withdraw!

III.

The fiend withdrew, the Angels came,
And worſhipp'd at his feet;
" O great Jehovah, word and name
" Ineſtimably ſweet!

IV.

" How cou'd that curſed ſerpent dare
" Thine honour to offend?"
Says Chriſt, a little while forbear,
'Tis for a glorious end.

 O may

V.

O may I keep the body cool,
By faſting on my knees;
And follow ſtrict religion's rule,
Thoſe days the church decrees.

VI.

Keep, keep intemp'rance far away,
'Tis duty and 'tis love;
Or how ſhall I my breaſt diſplay,
To neſt my Saviour's dove.

HYMN

HYMN VIII.

FORTITUDE.

I.

STAND faſt, my child, and after all,
Yet ſtill ſtand faſt, ſays holy Paul;
Thy reſolution be renew'd,
For this is Chriſtian Fortitude.

II.

Repeat the Lord's own pray'r for grace,
At ev'ry hour, in ev'ry place;
Spring up from human to divine,
For ſtrength invincible is thine.

III.

Then, as the great Apoſtle ſaith,
'Bove all things take the ſhield of Faith,
Salvation's helm, and for thy ſword,
E'en God's good Spirit and his Word.

IV.

And now in dang'rous giddy youth,
Your loins begirt about with Truth;
Your feet with Goſpel-peace be ſhod,
Your breaſt-plate Righteouſneſs from God.

V.

When to the ghoſtly fight alarm'd,
Know, ſoldier, thou'rt completely arm'd,
And free from terror or diſmay,
March on, engage, and win the day.

HYMN IX.

MODERATION.

I.

THO' I my party long have choſe,
And claim Chriſt Jeſus on my ſide,
Yet will I not my peace oppoſe,
By pique, by prejudice, or pride.

Bleſſed

II.

Bleſſed be God, that at the font
My ſponſors bound me to the call
Of Chriſt, in England, to confront
The world, the fleſh, the fiend and all.

III.

And yet I will my thoughts ſuppreſs,
And keep my tongue from cenſure clear;
The Jew, the Turk, the Heathen bleſs,
And hold the plough and perſevere.

IV.

There's God in ev'ry man moſt ſure,
And ev'ry ſoul's to Chriſt allied:
If fears deject, if hopes allure,
If Jeſus wept, and pray'd and died.

HYMN X.

TRUTH.

I.

'TIS thus the holy Scripture ends,
" Whoever loves or makes a lie,
" On heav'n's felicity depends
" In vain, for he ſhall ſurely die."

II.

The ſtars, the firmament, the ſun,
God's glorious work, God's great deſign,
All, all was finiſh'd as begun,
By rule, by compaſs, and by line.

III.

Hence David unto heav'n appeals,
" Ye heav'ns his righteouſneſs declare;"
His ſignet their duration ſeals,
And bids them be as firm as fair.

IV.

Then give me grace, celeſtial Sire,
The truth to love, the truth to tell;
Let everlaſting ſweets aſpire,
And filth and falſhood ſink to hell.

HYMN

HYMN XI.

BEAUTY. For a Damſel.

I.

CHRIST, keep me from the ſelf-ſurvey
Of beauties all thine own;
If there is beauty, let me pray,
And praiſe the Lord alone.

Pray

II.

Pray-- that I may the fiend withſtand,
Where'er his ſerpents be:
Praiſe—that the Lord's almighty hand
Is manifeſt in me.

III.

It is not ſo— my features are
Much meaner than the reſt;
A glow-worm cannot be a ſtar,
And I am plain at beſt.

III.

Then come, my love, thy grace impart,
Great Saviour of mankind;
O come and purify my heart,
And beautify my mind.

V.

Then will I thy carnations nurſe,
And cheriſh every roſe;
And empty to the poor my purſe,
Till grace to glory grows.

HYMN XII.

HONESTY.

I.

I Have a houſe, the houſe of prayer,
(No ſpy beneath my eaves)
And purring gratitude is there,
And he that frights the thieves.

II.

If I of honeſty ſuſpend
My judgment, making doubt,
I have a good domeſtic friend,
That ſoon ſhall point it out.

III.

'Tis to be faithful to my charge,
And thankful for my place,
And pray that God my pow'rs enlarge,
To act with greater grace.

IV.

To give my brother more than due,
In talent or in name;
Nor e'en mine enemy purſue,
To hurt or to defame.

V.

Nay more, to bleſs him and to pray,
Mine anger to controul;
And give the wages of the day
To him that hunts my ſoul.

HYMN XIII.

ELEGANCE.

I.

'TIS in the ſpirit that attire,
Th' inveſtiture of ſaints in heav'n,
Thoſe robes of intellectual fire,
Which to the great elect are giv'n.

II.

" Bring out to my returning ſon
" The robes for elegance the beſt ;"
Thus in the height it ſhall be done,
And thus the penitent be bleſt.

III.

'Tis in the body, that ſweet mien,
Ingenuous Chriſtians all poſſeſs,
Grace, eaſy motions, ſmiles ſerene,
Clean hands and ſeemlineſs of dreſs.

IV.

Whoever has thy charming pow'rs,
Is amiable as Kidron's * ſwan,
Like holy Eſdras feeds on flow'rs,
And lives on honey like St. John.

* David.

HYMN XIV.

LOVELINESS.

I.

GOOD-nature is thy ſterling name,
Yet lovelineſs is Engliſh too ;
Sweet diſpoſition, whoſe bright aim,
Is to the mark of Jeſus true.

II.

I've ſeen thee in an homely face,
Excel by pulchritude of mind;
To ill-form'd features give a grace,
Serene, benevolent and kind.

III.

'Tis when the ſpirit is ſo great,
That it the body ſtill controuls,
As godly inclinations meet
In ſweet ſociety of ſouls.

IV.

It is that condeſcending air,
Where perfect willingneſs is plain,
To ſmile aſſent, to join in pray'r,
And urg'd a mile to go it twain.

V.

To grant at once the boon preferr'd,
By contrite foe, or needy friend;
To be obliging is the word,
And God's good bleſſing is the end.

HYMN XV.

TASTE.

I.

O Guide my judgment and my taſte,
Sweet SPIRIT, author of the book
Of wonders, told in language chaſte
And plainneſs, not to be miſtook.

O let

II.

O let me muſe, and yet at ſight
The page admire, the page believe;
" Let there be light, and there was light,
" Let there be Paradiſe and Eve!"

II.

Who his ſoul's rapture can refrain?
At Joſeph's ever-pleaſing tale,
Of marvels, the prodigious train,
To Sinai's hill from Goſhen's vale.

IV.

The Pſalmiſt and proverbial Seer,
And all the prophets ſons of ſong,
Make all things precious, all things dear,
And bear the brilliant word along.

O take

V.

O take the book from off the ſhelf,
And con it meekly on thy knees;
Beſt panegyric on itſelf,
And ſelf-avouch'd to teach and pleaſe.

VI.

Reſpect, adore it heart and mind.
How greatly ſweet, how ſweetly grand,
Who reads the moſt, is moſt refin'd,
And poliſh'd by the Maſter's hand.

HYMN

HYMN XVI.

LEARNING.

I.

COME, come with emulative ſtrife,
To learn the way, the truth, and life,
Which Jeſus is in one;
In all ſound doctrine he proceeds,
From Alpha to Omega leads,
E'en Spirit, Sire, and Son.

Sure

II.

Sure of th' exceeding great reward,
'Midſt all your learning, learn the Lord--
This was thy doctrine, Paul;
And this thy lecture ſhould perſuade,
Tho' thou hadſt more of human aid,
Than thy bleſt brethren all.

III.

Humanity's a charming thing,
And every ſcience of the ring,
Good is the claſſic lore;
For theſe are helps along the road,
That leads to Zion's bleſt abode,
And heav'nly muſe's ſtore.

IV.

But greater ſtill in each reſpect,
He that communicates direct,
The tutor of the ſoul;
Who without pain, degrees or parts,
While he illuminates our hearts,
Can teach at once the whole.

HYMN XVII.

PRAISE.

I.

THO' conſcience void of all offence,
Is man's divineſt praiſe,
A godly heart-felt innocence,
Which does at firſt by grace commence,
By ſupplication ſtays:

Yet

II.

Yet I do love my brother's laud,
In each attempt to pleaſe;
O may he frequently applaud,
" Good child, thou ſoon ſhalt go abroad,
" Or have ſuch things as theſe.—

III.

" This ſilver coin'd by ſweet queen Anne,
" This noſegay and theſe toys,
" Thou this gilt Teſtament ſhalt ſcan,
" This pictur'd Hymn-book on a plan,
" To make good girls and boys."

IV.

O may they give before I aſk,
Suggeſt before deſire,
While in the ſummer-houſe I baſk,
The little lab'rer at his taſk
Is worthy of his hire.

HYMN XVIII.

PRAYER.

I.

PRAY without ceaſing (ſays the Saint)
Not ever in the ſpirit faint;
With grace the bloom, and faith the root,
The pray'r ſhall bring eternal fruit.

When

II.

When the great Seer ſad news did bring
To Ahab, e'en that wicked king!
Hear what the word of mercy ſays,
Spare thou the man, "behold he prays."

III.

Our hopes Chriſt Jeſus to elate,
Has bid us be importunate,
And with the buſtling widow vie,
That triumph'd over tyranny.

IV.

'Tis peace, 'tis dignity, 'tis eaſe,
To bleſs the Lord upon our knees;
The voice and attitude of fear,
For God's own eye, for God's own ear.

V.

Chriſt Jeſus, when the Twelve beſought
His aid, the PATER NOSTER taught;
By giving glory we begin,
And end in deprecating ſin.

VI.

Then give the glory yet again,
For who wou'd be in grief or pain,
Or brook anxiety and care,
When the quick remedy is pray'r.

HYMN XIX.

PATIENCE.

I.

BY ſin and Satan un-intic't,
Job, type of our Emanuel Chriſt,
With all the gems he had in ſtore,
None half ſo bright as Patience wore.

II.

Jos, ſon of Iſſachar, at length
Proves Patience is the child of Strength;
Yet Jeſus could new pow'rs create,
And e'en in weakneſs made her great.

III.

Long-ſuff'ring God, whoſe goodneſs can
Bear with and bleſs provoking man;
Let us, like thee, attempt our parts,
And 'gainſt falſe brethren arm our hearts.

IV.

Teach us in ſickneſs to adore
Thine hand, and all our ills reſtore:
Or let us meditate in death,
On Thee -- poor man of NAZARETH.

V.

Teach me in poverty to think
Of him who drank on Cedron's brink;
But had nor manſion-houſe nor bread,
Or to repoſe him or be fed.

VI.

Teach me 'midſt all the griefs below,
This tranſient ſtate, this world of woe,
Submiſſive on my bended knee,
To take my croſs and follow Thee.

HYMN XX.

WATCHING.

I.

AT every tempter's firſt eſſay,
Be ſure to watch, be ſure to pray;
For this great requiſite the Lord
Has ſtrongly urg'd upon record.

Yea

II.

Yea this he ſtrongly urg'd to all,
A warning common as his call;
Then who can his beheſt revere,
And not obey in heed and fear.

III.

Had the good man been on his guard,
His doors and windows duly barr'd,
He wou'd not, by the Lord adviſ'd,
Have loſt his all, and been ſurpriz'd.

IV.

Had this command been fully weigh'd,
Peter his Lord had not betray'd;
But, ſpite of all his mighty boaſt,
He fail'd and ſlept upon his poſt.

Sleep

V.

Sleep not—but watch the chamber well,
By ſleeping Holofernes fell;
And Jael's memorable nail
Did o'er a ſleeping king prevail.

VI.

" Behold, I come"—come quickly then,
Thou Saviour of the ſouls of men;
For pray'r and hymns are mine employ,
Who long for ever-wakeful joy.

HYMN

HYMN XXI.

GENEROSITY.

I.

THAT vaſt communicative mind,
That form'd the world and human kind,
And ſaw that all was right;
Or was thyſelf, or came from Thee,
Stupendous generoſity,
Above all luſtre bright.

" Not

II.

" Not * for themſelves the bees prepare
" Their honey, and the fleecy care,
" Not for themſelves are ſhorn:
" Not for themſelves the warblers build,
" Not for themſelves the lands are till'd,
" By them that tread the corn."

III.

The Lord ſhed on the Holy Rood
His infinitely gen'rous blood,
Not for himſelf, but all;
Yea e'en for them that pierc'd his ſide,
In patient agony he died,
To remedy the fall.

IV.

O highly rais'd above the ranks
Of Angels -- he cou'd e'en give thanks,
Self-rais'd and ſelf-renew'd—
Then who can praiſe, and love, and fear
Enough? -- ſince he himſelf, 'tis clear,
Is alſo gratitude.

* Virgil.

HYMN XXII.

GRATITUDE.

I.

Upon the firſt creation
Clap'd my wings with loud applauſe,
Cherub of the higheſt ſtation,
Praiſing, bleſſing, without pauſe.

II.

I in Eden's bloomy bowers
Was the heav'nly gardner's pride,
Sweet of ſweets, and flow'r of flowers,
With the ſcented tinctures dy'd.

III.

Hear, ye little children, hear me,
I am God's delightful voice;
They who ſweetly ſtill revere me,
Still ſhall make the wiſeſt choice.

IV.

Hear me not like Adam trembling,
When I walk'd in Eden's grove;
And the hoſt of heav'n aſſembling,
From the ſpot the traitor drove.

V.

Hear me rather as the lover
Of mankind, reſtor'd and free;
By the word ye ſhall recover
More than that ye loſt by Me.

VI.

I'm the Phœnix of the ſingers,
That in upper Eden dwell;
Hearing me Euphrates lingers,
As my wondrous tale I tell.

VII.

'Tis the ſtory of the Graces,
Mercies without end or ſum;
And the ſketches and the traces
Of ten thouſand more to come.

VIII.

Liſt, my children, liſt within you,
Dread not ye the tempter's rod;
Chriſt our gratitude ſhall win you,
Wean'd from earth, and led to God.

HYMN XXIII.

PEACE.

I.

THE Mount of Olives was thy ſeat,
O Angel, heav'nly fair;
And thou, ſweet Peace, didſt often meet
Thy Prince and Saviour there.

But

II.

But now abroad condemn'd to roam,
From Salem lov'd and bleſs'd;
A quiet conſcience is thine home,
In every faithful breaſt.

III.

Thou didſt Auguſtus firſt inſpire,
That bloody war ſhould ceaſe;
And to Melchiſedec retire,
The Sov'reign of our peace.

IV.

O come unto the Church repair,
And her defects review;
Of old thou plantedſt olives there,
Which to redundance grew.

V.

Suſtain the pillars of the ſtate,
Be health and wealth conjoin'd;
And in each houſe thy turtles mate,
To multiply mankind.

HYMN XXIV.

MELANCHOLY.

I.

O Pluck me quick the raven's quill,
And I will ſet me down,
My deſtin'd purpoſe to fulfil,
But with this interrupted ſkill,
Of thought and grief profound.

How

II.

How to begin, and how depart,
From this ſad fav'rite theme,
The man of ſorrow in my heart,
I at my own ideas ſtart,
As dread as Daniel's dream.

III.

As ſoon as born the infant cries,
For well his ſpirit knows,
A little while, and then he dies,
A little while, and down he lies,
To take a ſtern repoſe.

IV.

But man's own death is not th' event,
For which moſt tears are due;
Wife, children, to the grave are ſent,
Or friends to make the heart repent,
That it ſuch bleſſings knew.

O thou

V.

O thou, which on the mountain's brow,
By night didſt pray alone;
In the cold night didſt pay thy vow,
And in humiliation bow,
To thrones and pow'rs thine own.

VI.

Tell us, for thou the beſt can tell,
What Melancholy means?
A guiſe in them that wear it well,
That goes to muſic to diſpel
Dark thoughts and gloomier ſcenes.

VII.

Say, didſt thou ſolitude deſire,
Or wert thou driv'n away,
By rank deſertion to retire,
Without or bed, or food, or fire,
For all thy foes to pray.

Yet

VIII.

Yet thou didſt preach of future bliſs,
Peace permanent above,
Of truth and mercy's holy kiſs,
Thoſe joys which none that love thee miſs,
O give us grace to love.

HYMN

HYMN XXV.

MIRTH.

I.

IF you are merry ſing away,
And touch the organs ſweet;
This is the Lord s triumphant day,
Ye children in the gall'ries gay,
Shout from each goodly ſeat.

It

II.

It ſhall be May to-morrow's morn,
A field then let us run,
And deck us in the blooming thorn,
Soon as the cock begins to warn,
And long before the ſun.

III.

I give the praiſe to Chriſt alone,
My pinks already ſhew;
And my ſtreak'd roſes fully blown,
The ſweetneſs of the Lord make known,
And to his glory grow.

IV.

Ye little prattlers that repair
For cowſlips in the mead,
Of thoſe exulting colts beware,
But blythe ſecurity is there,
Where ſkipping lambkins feed.

With

V.

With white and crimſon laughs the ſky,
With birds the hedge-rows ring;
To give the praiſe to God moſt high,
And all the ſulky fiends defy,
Is a moſt joyful thing.

HYMN

HYMN XXVI.

MUTUAL SUBJECTION.

I.

SOME think that in the Chriſtian ſcheme
Politeneſs has no part;
That manners we ſhould diſeſteem,
And look upon the heart.

II.

The heart the Lord alone can read,
Which left us this decree,
That men alternate take the lead
In ſweet complacency.

III.

When his Diſciples great diſpute
Chriſt Jeſus reconcil'd,
He made their ſharp contention mute,
By ſhewing them a child.

IV.

If I have got the greater ſhare
Of talents — I ſhou'd bow
To Chriſt, and take the greater care
To ſerve and to allow.

V.

This union with thy grace empow'r
More influence to ſupply;
Hereafter, he that lacks this hour,
May be as great as I.

HYMN XXVII.

GOOD-NATURE to Animals.

I.

THE man of Mercy (ſays the Seer)
Shews mercy to his beaſt:
Learn not of churls to be ſevere,
But houſe and feed at leaſt.

II.

Shall I melodious pris'ners take
From out the linnet's neſt,
And not keep buſy care awake,
To cheriſh ev'ry gueſt.

III.

What ſhall I whip in cruel wrath
The ſteed that bears me ſafe,
Or 'gainſt the dog, who plights his troth,
For faithful ſervice chaſe.

IV.

In the deep waters throw thy bread,
Which thou ſhalt find again,
With God's good intereſt on thy head,
And pleaſure for thy pain.

V.

Let thine induſtrious Silk-worms reap
Their wages to the full,
Nor let neglected Dormice ſleep
To death within thy wool.

VI.

Know when the froſty weather comes,
'Tis charity to deal
To Wren and Redbreaſt all thy crumbs,
The remnant of thy meal.

VII.

Tho' theſe ſome ſpirits think but light,
And deem indifferent things;
Yet they are ſerious in the ſight
Of CHRIST, the King of kings.

HYMN XXVIII.

SILENCE.

I.

BEfore thy betters with ſuſpence,
Into thyſelf withdraw;
Silence denotes ſuperior ſenſe,
And ſhews ſuperior awe.

Keep

II.

Keep bleſſing ſtill within thy heart,
In meditation meek;
Thus thou'rt prepar'd to act thy part,
When urg'd at length to ſpeak.

III.

When words break forth not duly weigh'd
From out the babler's tongue,
Full many a mournful miſchief's made,
Full many a conſcience ſtung.

IV.

Then pray with David, that the Lord
Wou'd keep himſelf the door;
And all things from thy lips award,
That make thy brother ſore.

V.

But if there be a point to praiſe
Some godly deed of price,
With all thy might thy plaudits raiſe,
Here ſilence were a vice.

HYMN

HYMN XXIX.

LONG-SUFFERING Of GOD.

I.

ONE hundred feet from off the ground
That noble Aloe blows;
But mark ye by what ſkill profound
His charming grandeur roſe.

II.

One hundred years of patient care
The gardners did beſtow
Toil and hereditary pray'r
Made all this glorious ſhow.

III.

Thus man goes on from year to year,
And bears no fruit at all;
But gracious God, ſtill unſevere,
Bids ſhow'rs of bleſſings fall.

IV.

The beams of mercy, dews of grace,
Our Saviour ſtill ſupplies —
Ha! ha! the ſoul regains her place,
And ſweetens all the ſkies.

HYMN XXX.

HONOUR.

I.

IN man it is the truth affirm'd,
  Mean craft and guile withſtood,
And variouſly by various term'd,
  Is both by grace and blood.

Courage

II.

Courage and patriot zeal thou art,
  An ardour for the whole,
At once munificence of heart,
  And magnitude of ſoul.

III.

In women 'tis that jealous fear,
  Which tends to parry ſhame;
It is their Chaſtity's barrier,
  And bulwark of their fame.

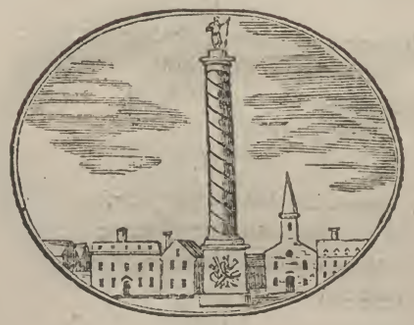
IV.

It is ſweet dignity and eaſe,
  Reſerve without diſdain;
Pleaſing, tho' negligent to pleaſe,
  Bearing, not giving pain.

V.

Then kneel, yē little prattlers down,
  I'll bleſs, if you will pray,
And one ſhall wear the laurel crown,
  And one be Queen of May.

HYMN



HYMN XXXI.

IMMORTALITY.

I.

"BE of good cheer, for I, ev'n I,
"Have overcome the world:"
The wind and tide are yours -- apply
Your oars with ſails unfurl'd.

Sure

II.

Sure Immortality was known
To few, but very few,
Before I came, the corner-ſtone,
To build my work anew.

III.

But now ye know it in your hearts,
Ye hear it with your ears;
Not by dark viſions, or by ſtarts,
Its evidence appears.

IV.

Sheep, bleſſed ſheep, ye ſhall be brought
To pleaſures how divine!
To joys ſurpaſſing human thought,
And ſuch as equal mine.

V.

How brilliant paſt conceit each ſtar
Shall ſhine before the Lamb:
'Tis bliſs to know not what ye are,
By knowing what I AM.

HYMN XXXII.

Againſt DESPAIR.

OLD RALPH in the WOOD.

I.

A Raven once an Acorn took
From Baſhan's talleſt ſtouteſt tree;
He hid it by a limpid brook,
And liv'd another oak to ſee.

Thus

II.

Thus Melancholy buries Hope,
Which Providence keeps ſtill alive,
And bids us with afflictions cope,
And all anxiety ſurvive.

HYMN XXXIII.

For SATURDAY.

I.

NOW's the time for mirth and play,
Saturday's an holiday;
Praiſe to heav'n unceaſing yield,
I've found a lark's neſt in the field.

II.

A lark's neſt, then your play-mate begs
You'd ſpare herſelf and ſpeckled eggs;
Soon ſhe ſhall aſcend and ſing
Your praiſes to th' eternal King.

HYMN XXXIV.

For SUNDAY.

I.

ARISE — ariſe — the Lord aroſe
On this triumphant day;
Your ſouls to piety diſpoſe,
Ariſe to bleſs and pray.

II.

Ev'n ruſtics do adorn them now,
Themſelves in roſes dreſs;
And to the clergyman they bow,
When he begins to bleſs.

III.

Their beſt apparel now arrays
The little girls and boys;
And better than the preacher prays
For heav'n's eternal joys.

HYMN

HYMN XXXV.

At DRESSING in the MORNING.

I.

NOW I ariſe, empow'r'd by Thee,
The glorious Sun to face;
O clothe me with humility,
Adorn me with thy grace.

II.

All evil of the day forefend,
Prevent the tempter's ſnare;
Thine Angel on my ſteps attend,
And give me fruit to pray'r.

III.

O make me uſeful as I go
My pilgrimage along;
And ſweetly ſooth this vale of woe
By charity and ſong.

IV.

Let me from Chriſt obedience learn,
To Chriſt obedience pay;
Each parent duteous love return,
And conſecrate the day.

HYMN XXXVI.

At UNDRESSING in the EVENING.

I.

THESE cloaths, of which I now divest
Myself, ALL-SEEING EYE,
Muſt be one day (that day be bleſt)
Relinquiſh'd and laid by.

II.

Thou cordial ſleep, to death akin,
I court thee on my knee;
O let my exit, free from ſin,
Be little more than Thee.

III.

But if much agonizing pain
My dying hour await,
The Lord be with me to ſuſtain,
To help and to abate.

IV.

O let me meet Thee undeterr'd,
By no foul ſtains defil'd!
According to thy holy word,
Receive me as a Child.

Pray remember the POOR.

I.

I Juſt came by the priſon-door,
I gave a penny to the poor:
Papa did this good act approve,
And poor Mamma cried out for love.

II.

Whene'er the poor comes to my gate,
Relief I will communicate;
And tell my Sire his ſons ſhall be
As charitably great as he.

PLENTEOUS REDEMPTION.

I.

DAVID has ſaid, and ſung it ſweet,
That God with mercy is replete:
And thus I'll ſay, and thus I'll ſing,
In rapture unto Chriſt my King.

II.

King of my heart and my deſires,
Which all my gratitude inſpires,
Bids me be great and glorious ſtill,
And ſo I muſt, and ſo I will.

The CONCLUSION of the Matter.

I.

FEAR God -- obey his juſt decrees,
And do it hand, and heart, and knees;
For after all our utmoſt care
There's nought like penitence and prayer.

II.

Then weigh the balance in your mind,
Look forward, not one glance behind;
Let no foul fiend retard your pace,
Hoſanna! Thou haſt won the race.

THE END.

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